CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

By ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

THE subject of American literary expatriates is suggested by a little book written by Henry W. Fisher and just published under the title "Abroad With Mark Twain and Eugene Field." The word expatriates is used for convenience, but, strictly speaking, it is not exactly the right word. Washington Irving, the first American to awaken Europeans to a dim consciousness that his countrymen were not, intellectually, red Indians, was an expatriate, for his exile from home that lasted seventeen years was entirely voluntary and his subsequent appointment as Minister to Spain the indirect result of that exile. But Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte and W. D. Howells, in Europe carrying on their consular duties, cannot fairly be regarded as expatriates, or Brand Whitlock, Henry Van Dyke or Thomas Nelson Page of more recent years, or any of the men of letters who have represented the Republic at the Court of St. James's. On the other hand, Whistler, claimed by letters as well as art; Bayard Taylor and Henry Harland were genuine expatriates, and Artemus Ward probably would have become one had he lived longer. Henry James, most confirmed of all American literary expatriates, had himself made a British subject a year or so before his death.

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MR. FISHER'S book, though of no particular importance and obviously hastily constructed, is mildly entertaining. Two weeks ago THE HERALD discussed at length Frederick Chamberlain's "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth." According to Mr. Fisher, Mark Twain had decided opinions on the subject of the Virgin Queen. "'Elizabeth Was a He,' said Mark," is the title of one of the chapters. Mark, of course, was not the originator of the idea, for the matter of Elizabeth's sex has always been one of those curious little bypaths of history. The story is that the real Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII., died when a child, and that a boy companion was substituted and reigned over England in the guise of a woman. It was a story that naturally appealed to Mark Twain's riotous imagination. He pointed out that Elizabeth, so-called, was as clever a financier as John D. Rockefeller, and that as John D. gobbled up all the oil in creation, or out of it, so Elizabeth, so-called, lapped up all the gold, minted and otherwise. According to Mr. Fisher, Mark intended to tackle Elizabeth after he finished with Joan of Arc. "If I do Elizabeth half as well as I intend to do Joan and did 'The Prince and the Pauper' I will have three serious books to my credit, and after that I will be damned—'thrice damned,' Elizabeth would have said—if I allow anybody to take me for a mere funmaker."

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MARK TWAIN projected a book about Elizabeth. Curiously enough, according to Mr. Fisher, Eugene Field once considered the writing of a book about her rival and victim, Mary Queen of Scots. While in London he was always talking about the Orkney Islands. He had discovered somehow that Mary had created Bothwell Duke of Orkney. He said: "I want to go to the Orkneys to find traces of Bothwell, and perhaps get a new angle on that fearless lass—as fearless as she was vindictive—Mary. When the Queen was taken prisoner Bothwell made for the Orkneys and chose one of the smaller islands to assemble a piratical navy. Instead of stealing Queens he meant to steal goods and chattels of merchantmen passing the northern seas and the Channel. He had been a pirate before Mary took him up and was a robber baron by birth. . . . When I return to America and have time to look over my notes there will be something doing, I promise you."

THE Reporter and Literature has been a favorite subject of American essayists for the last thirty or forty years. Is the newspaper office, with its training and its opportunities for studying life in its many aspects, the natural path to the writing of fine fiction? Robert Herrick, writing the introduction to "Twenty-nine Tales From the French" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), considers the subject from its French angle. He finds that the French newspaper has been the fertile forcing bed for the French story teller. "The French newspapers," he says, "print these *contes* by the thousands; each day they appear at the bottom of the page, as many in this volume appeared in *Le Journal*. Instead of our joke columns and special writers' columns of all sorts of odds and ends the French have their feuilletonists, and which is the more civilized taste. Reporters turn easily from their regular work to the writing of *contes* for the feuilleton. Hence there is less difficulty for the French boy who aspires to be a writer in getting suitable training through the newspaper than with us. The standards of accomplishment are not so far apart. And that is why, apparently, there are so many more competent writers of fiction in France than in England and America.

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AT times, in contemplating the extraordinary productivity of the English writers of the day, we wonder whether it is all industry and invention, or whether they have been putting into practice the idea launched to financial profit in the middle of the last century by the elder Dumas. This is not to be interpreted as a charge, but as a friendly fancy. Avowedly H. G. Wells enlisted other hands to help him in the compilation of "The Outline of History." Has he had similar assistance in the making of other books? Is there an "H. G. Wells Co., Limited," an "Arnold Bennett Co., Limited," an "E. Phillips Oppenheim Co., Limited"? If the idea were to be considered seriously the crime would not be so enormous. Many hands contribute to the making or the mutilation of a play. All the reader of a novel has the right to demand is the quality and interest that previous works of the author have led him to expect. After all, there are only seven, or twenty-three (the exact number is a matter of dispute) original plots in the world, and if the novelist calls upon the present for help, instead of the past, what is the difference?

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THACKERAY whimsically suggested the proper kind of literary assistance in his roundabout paper "On a Peal of Bells." "Does not the chief cook have *aids* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du metier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels, and on his arrival at 11 o'clock would say: 'Mr. Jones, if you please, the Archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article Dropsy in the Encyclopedia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians and chaplains about him. In Wales's "London," letter B., third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth and some prints of the place. Color in with local coloring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs, &c.' Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical and topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old Archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner the Archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right, and Jones has gone home to his family some hours."

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THACKERAY'S whimsical elaboration of the idea was suggested by the charge then being newly exploited in the French newspapers that all the books bearing Dumas's name were not written by Dumas. A score of alleged collaborators were named, chief among them Auguste Maquet. Of all the novels that have been the result of known collaboration "The Count of Monte Cristo" is the most familiar. The story as originally planned by Dumas was to have been begun in Rome with the adventures involving Monte Cristo, Albert de Montcerf, Franz d'Epinay, Luigi Vampa and his bandits. Thence the tale was to have shifted to Paris and the development of the vengeance. The story of Dante's youth was to have been brought in by way of narration. In fact, when Maquet's cooperation was enlisted the Roman chapters had already been written. It was Maquet who pointed out that the early part—Marseilles, the Chateau d'If, the communicating dungeons, and the Abbe Faria—was the most interesting period of the hero's life. That was the most important contribution of Maquet to the fame of the "Maison Alexandre Dumas et Cie." In other books he was simply the unwearied rummager of documents. He proved that when he tried to write alone and failed lamentably. Dumas without Maquet would still have been Dumas, and Wells and Bennett do not have to rely on assistance to remain Wells and Bennett.

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A GOOD many years ago an American man of letters was asked by a magazine to write his personal reminiscences of Victor Hugo. The result was an exceedingly entertaining paper, full of the most intimate glimpses of the great man's family life. As a matter of fact, the writer of the paper had once seen Victor Hugo, or some one who looked like Victor Hugo, riding by on the top of an omnibus. That was the extent of the acquaintance. Somehow we recall that misrepresentation with kindly tolerance in reading the 432 pages of A. Ellen Stanton's "My Life in Paris Fifty Years Ago." Here is a sample of what is offered with the apparent idea that it should prove stimulating reading: "Paris is, indeed, a most beautiful city. The *Arc de Triomphe*, which is 152 feet high, 137 feet wide and 68 feet deep, is the nucleus of a star from which radiate twelve avenues. Beginning at the Champs Elysees and walking to the right, we come to them in the following order (avenues): There are 275 steps to the top of the Arc. The Arc, which is the largest in the world, was erected in honor of the Armies of the Empire." This startling information is to be found on page 20. The other 431 pages are equally brilliant. Frankly, we prefer the gentleman who misrepresented.

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IN paper covers appears "An Engineer's Note Book," by William McFee, the author of the widely read "Casuals of the Sea." It is an unpretentious little book, made up of observations on life and letters. For example, McFee discusses the particular type of fiction with which his own name is associated. "Why," he asks, "has no professor of English literature in the United States observed the pathetic eagerness of American magazine editors for sea stories and compared it with the persistent refusal of native Americans to adopt a seafaring career?" McFee confesses that he has more than once "dreamed of a novel piece of legislation which would compel every magazine writer to go to sea himself and see how he liked it. This would not only provide the merchant marine with a much needed supply of native labor but would prevent the future editors from accepting the astounding narratives which go under the apt name of 'sea stuff.'"

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IN "An Engineer's Note Book" Mr. McFee tells something of the origin of "Casuals of the Sea." The first draft of the story was written in 1908, when he was living in Clifford's Inn, but most of that first draft was destroyed. He originally planned to use Liverpool as a background, but Liverpool did not give him the needed scope, nor did Swansea, whither he moved in the next draft. "I saw at length that such a tale as I wished to write must be cast in the metropolis. But how was I to use London without becoming a dreary and futile plagiarist of the innumerable authors who had written such novels before me? I did what nobody seems to have thought of before. I took North London for the scenes of the book. This was a distinctively original move. East London, South London, West London, were familiar to readers of fiction. For some reason novelists had avoided North London. It was, in a literary as well as a social sense, an unfashionable neighborhood. I well remember the thrill of wonder experienced when I discovered mention of the North road at Barnet in one of Dickens's books. I felt downright venturesome when I deliberately brought in the suburbs in which I had lived. As far as I have been able to ascertain, not a soul in these suburbs has ever read the book or recognized the topography."

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A REALLY new Kipling story is a rarity. Here is one which comes to this department by way of the London *Times*, which quotes it in the course of a review of G. B. Burgin's "More Memoirs and Some Travels." It concerns a "gifted lady" who recited "The Absent Minded Beggar," the poem by which Kipling endeavored to stir England to a sense of duty at the beginning of the Boer War, on a public platform. In order to give more reality to the poem she had her three little boys with her, and impressively placed her hand on the head of each child when she came to the line, "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl." Instead of the expected applause there sounded an indignant voice from the gallery, "Then you ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, mum."

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ACCORDING to the Monthly Score in the April *Bookman* the novels most in demand are:

1. "If Winter Comes," Hutchinson.
2. "Helen of the Old House," Wright.
3. "Her Father's Daughter," Stratton-Porter.
4. "Main Street," Lewis.
5. "The Pride of Palomar," Kyne.
6. "To the Last Man," Grey.
7. "Brass," Norris.
8. "The Brimming Cup," Canfield.
9. "Three Soldiers," Dos Passos.
10. "The Girls," Ferber.

Works of non-fiction in demand are:

1. "The Outline of History," Wells.
2. "Queen Victoria," Strachey.
3. "The Mirrors of Washington," Anonymous.
4. "The Mirrors of Downing Street," Anonymous.
5. "The Americanization of Edward Bok," Bok.
6. "Margot Asquith: An Autobiography," Asquith.
7. "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him," Tumulty.
8. "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," O'Brien.
9. "The Glass of Fashion," Anonymous.
10. "My Life Here and There," Princess Cantacuzene.

Authors' Works And Their Ways

Hamlin Garland, whose works the Harpers will bring out in a uniform edition in May, is planning soon to take his wife and two daughters to London. He will spend six months there on the "back trail" of the Garlands and McClintocks, giving himself over to the task of seeing England and getting in touch with what is being done by the younger writers. When he returns in the autumn his nineteen-year-old daughter, Mary Isabel, will share the lecture platform with him.

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The belief that a study of the philosophic systems of Medieval times is essential to an understanding of the Western mode of thought is expounded by Maurice De Wulf throughout his books, "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages," just published by the Princeton University Press. The author feels that the Greek influences have received undue emphasis and that we have too lightly passed over the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in which the philosophical temperament of the Occident is definitely formed. Prof. De Wulf occupies the chair of Philosophy in the University of Louvain.

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Small, Maynard & Co. announce that the second novel by Mrs. E. M. Hull, author of "The Sheik," will be issued in August under the title of "The Shadow of the East."

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In "The Love Chase," a late April publication of Small, Maynard & Co., Felix Grendon utilizes the Bohemia of Kips Bay, New York. Galsworthy says of this district, "There is more local color along the East River than along the Thames; there is a deeper gold mine between Manhattan Bridge and Blackwell's Island than between London Bridge and the Tower."

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A new book by the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" will be published by the Putnams probably in June. This time it will not be a series of character studies, but instead a general cross-section of political life and tendencies at Washington.

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The spring publications of Robert M. McBride & Co. include: "An Ordeal of Honor," by Anthony Pryde; "Hepplestall's," by Harold Brighouse; "The Yellow Poppy," by D. K. Broster; "The Crystal Coffin," by Maurice Rostand; "Gallantry" (revised edition), by James Branch Cabell; "The Tatooed Arm," by Isabel Ostrander; "Ethel Opens the Door," by David Fox, and "Two Gun Sue," by Douglas Grant. The non-fiction publications include: "The Great White South," by Herbet G. Ponting; "The Romance of a Great Store," by Edward Hungerford; "The Lineage of Lichfield," by James Branch Cabell; "Youth Grows Old," a book of poems by Robert Nathan; "Little Poems from the Greek," translated by Walter Leaf; the "Ideas of Einstein's Theory," by Prof. J. H. Thirring of the University of Vienna; "Relativity and the Universe," by Dr. Harry Schmidt; "The Psychology of Medicine," by T. W. Mitchell, M. D.; "Old London Town," by Will Owen; "A Dominie in Doubt," by A. S. Neill, and two little books on golf by Ted Ray: "Golf Clubs and How to Use Them" and "Driving, Approaching and Putting."

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The Century Company announces for late April publication the following: "The Story of Ireland," by Francis Hackett; "The Story of Drugs," written by H. C. Fuller of the Industrial Research Laboratories, Washington, D. C.; three books of fiction: "The Truth About Vignolles," by Albert Kinross; "The Blue Circle" (a mystery story), by Elizabeth Jordan; "Shoe-Bar Stratton," by Joseph B. Ames; one juvenile: "More Jataka Tales," a second volume of these tales retold for children, by Ellen C. Babbitt, from translations of the Guild of Jataka translators, headed by Dr. E. B. Cowell, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge.

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"M. Pierre Benoit, whose 'Salt Lake' was reviewed two weeks ago in THE HERALD'S book section, has a curious habit of drawing Gambetta into all his novels," says *Le Cri de Paris* in a recent issue. He is in "Atlantide," in "Pour Don Carlos," in "La Chaussee de Geants" and in "Le Lac Sale." "To tell the truth," says the paper, "the introduction of this famous statesman in this story is a little far fetched." Another curious habit of M. Benoit, it continues, is to insert phrases of celebrated authors in order to confound critics who are puzzled as to where they found them before. All this *Le Crie de Paris* explains on the basis of M. Benoit having a propensity for humor. "He carries on his great face, surmounting a double chin," it says, "in his little crinkled eyes and in his whole cheerful personage the radiance of lightheartedness. He loves to laugh."